HEROES OVER THERE

DARING DEEDS OF AMERICAN BOYS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Private Holman's Prize For Saving a Bridge—Staff Officer Gregg—Brave Flag Capture—Lawton's Gallant Scouts and Their Tragic End.

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TELEGRAPHIC reports of warlike deeds in the faroff Philippines make the most of some few instances of soldierly daring. But these dispatches merely skim the surface of things romantic and interesting. Every company in contact with the wily and cruel Filipino has its hero, and every encounter, whether battle, skirmish or scout, brings to the front some brave man. From the ranks to a lieutenancy at a single bound is the story of a gallant Dakota boy given below. Some win prizes; others simply do their duty and display that nerve which is the badge of the true soldier.

A Dakotan of marvelous nerve is Private Smith of Company E, First South Dakota volunteers. Smith was marked for a victim of assassination by the Filipinos while patrolling the most dangerous beat on the line. Shortly after sunset two natives came toward him in single file. When challenged, they answered promptly with the usual friendly words, "Buenos noches, amigo," meaning, "Good evening, friend." As the Filipinos passed on Smith resumed his walk, but when turning away he glanced sidelong at the strangers, a circumstance which saved his life. The second Filipino in the file had drawn his machete and was actually springing forward to cut down the amiable sentry.

Smith dodged the blow so as to save his skull, but the keen blade gashed his cheek from temple to chin. Whirling upon his enemies, the nervy fellow shot one through the heart before he had gone three lengths. The reaction from this effort, weak as he was from pain and the loss of blood, caused Smith to drop to his knees. But he was not a dead American yet. Reloading his rifle, he took careful aim and brought down the other fleeing native just on the edge of a bamboo thicket. When Smith lay in the hospital, General Otis called personally to praise him for his bravery.

The hot fight at Mariquina found its hero in the person of an aid-de-camp with soldier blood in his veins. This was Lieutenant John C. Gregg, scion of the Pennsylvania family which has a fighting record. Young Gregg went into battle with his chief, General Hale. His horse was shot under him, and as he bent down to unloosen the saddle a soldier warned him to be on his guard, for the shot which had hit his horse came from a sharpshooter in a tree near by. Instead of taking to cover, as most of the men were doing, the lieutenant stepped forward, erect, with glasses in hand. Coolly uncasing the glasses, he surveyed the dangerous tree. A puff of smoke, a sigh, a quick grip of the hand to the chest, and an American hero fell dead on the blood bought soil of the Philippines.

It is natural to discriminate in favor of the valor which is displayed for the rescue of a comrade. A deed of this kind, which would have won the Victoria cross in the British army, was performed by Corporal Reno, Fourth cavalry, in one of the early skirmishes with the insurgents. In an ambush fight one of the troopers named Davicki was wounded and left behind. The party rushed for shelter, and then it was discovered that Davicki could not move. Reno dashed back under fire, dismounted and placed his wounded mate in the saddle. Holding on by the stirrup, he galloped the pony a distance of 500 yards across the deep stream to the shelter where his companions stood, breathless, at this exhibition of heroism. Reno was a raw recruit, but there is something in a name, for General Jesse Reno was one of the most gallant fighters of 1861-2.

The navy in the Philippines has had little chance to win glory since the Spanish fleet was destroyed, but the plight of the Spanish garrison at Baler by the Yorktown developed a hero in Ensign Standley. When the ship reached the port, it was found that the imprisoned garrison was far back from the shore and out of sight. Ensign Standley and Quartermaster Lysaght volunteered to land and reconnoiter toward the town. Clambering up a steep mountain side, the scouts came to a tree tall enough to give a view of Baler and its surroundings. Standley directed Lysaght to stay on the ground and at the first sign of danger to run for the shore. He himself climbed the tree, relying upon its thick branches for a screen. Lysaght said he would never have deserted his officer, but he was not brought to a test. Standley stayed in the tree until he had sketched the whole position, the fortress and roads, and this led to the release of 22 brave Spanish boys who had held their little fort against the insurgents for more than a year.

A brace of stories of heroism would be incomplete without a flag capture episode. The army paper, America, published at Manila, says that one of the pluckiest deeds in the campaign was that performed by Sergeant Clement C. Jones of the Third battalion, Tennessee volunteers. This is the story as told on the spot: "The sight of a Filipino standard within 800 yards of the Tennessee outpost, near Jaro, grated on the sergeant's sense of propriety, and he determined to capture the flaunting emblem. So he slipped between the outposts and crossed the river into the enemy's country.

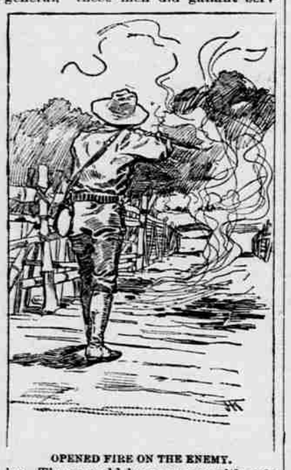
"Incredible as it appears, the sergeant traversed unharmed a large tract of open ricefields within full view of the armed natives. When he arrived within grasping distance of the flag, he made a reach for it, simply stupefying for the time the Filipinos, who were panic stricken over his sudden appearance. He uprooted the flag staff and, shouldering it, started back to his post, the target all the way of Mauser bullets, which the natives sent after him as parting salutes. Unscathed, he waded the river and, only the worse for exposure to the burning sun, arrived with his trophy, which now adorns the First Tennessee barracks."

The Dakotan before mentioned, who won his commission under fire, is John C. Holman of Company C, First South Dakota. The gallant deed was one of the incidents of the advance on Marilao, March 26. The Dakotans found the natives intrenched along the river beyond the railroad. The river was too formidable to wade, and the enemy poured a steady fire upon the American line. The colonel thought it unsafe to cross the bridge with troops, especially as the Filipinos had set it on fire at the farther end. While the officers were discussing whether to try to save the structure or let it burn Holman cried, "I'll go over and put out the fire!" at the same time dashing across the long bridge.

Comrades looked on and even some of the officers cried, "Come back!" but he got across safely and put out the flames before they had made great headway. Then, instead of retreating, he coolly turned on the Filipinos, who were but a few yards away, and opened fire with his repeating rifle. Inspired by Holman's example, the regiment made a San Juan rush for it, crossed the bridge and put the insurgents to rout.

General Lawton, who is himself a prince among scouts, took in hand the matter of scouting as soon as he got the bearings of the lines around Manila. One day he saw a citizen coolly exposing himself out on the firing line and on inquiry found that the reckless fellow was an old plainsman by the name of Young. When Young explained his presence in the Philippines by saying, "Just thought I'd come and help the boys out a little," Lawton knew his man and made him chief of scouts. The members of the band were selected from the North Dakota regiment. This is Lawton's own story of the first noted exploit of Young and his lieutenant, Harrington:

"During the campaign," said the general, "these men did gallant service. They would leave camp with only rifles, canteens and ammunition and be gone sometimes four days. On the way to San Ysidro the enemy had crossed the river on our approach and fired the bridge. Then Young's scouts showed their metal. The brave fellows waded in the river on each side of the bridge and, using their campaign hats to dip up water, put out the fire, while Young and Harrington, armed with big revolvers only, stood on the bridge in plain sight, covering their men. Whenever a Filipino raised his head above the trenches a revolver bullet ended his career.



OPENED FIRE ON THE ENEMY.

"Finally Young fell, shot through the knee. Harrington ran to the wounded leader and with a pistol in each hand stood over the fallen man, shooting the Filipinos who tried to pick him off. He held his position until the soldiers carried Young away to the hospital. Then our men crossed the river and drove out the natives.

"A few days later Harrington took his men to the front and after a hard march stopped for supper at 5 o'clock. He sat down, leaning against a bank of earth, to await the mess call. He did not respond when the call came, and his men found him leaning back, his head resting on his breast, with his rifle hugged to his side, a corpse. Next morning I sent this personal message to Young at the Manila hospital. Harrington died at 5 o'clock last night.'

"Four hours later I received from the chief surgeon of the hospital the return dispatch, 'Young died at 5 o'clock last night.'"

The fearless scouts had closed their last campaign at the same hour.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Feminine Idea of a Husband.

If a man were as bold and brave as his wife thinks he is, he would be shot for a desperado the first time he left his doorstep.—New York Press.

Particular.

Man—These eggs are not done!

Woman—I had them in the water precisely 433/4 seconds, as you directed.

Man—Doubtless your watch is fast.—Detroit Journal.

AFFAIRS IN MANILA.

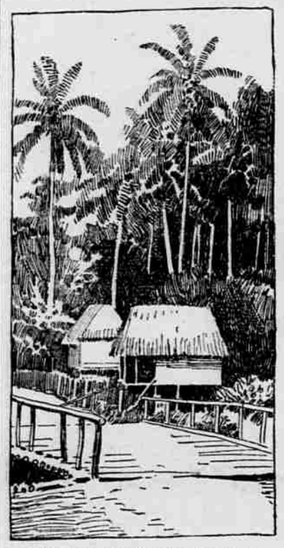
ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER WRITES OF PRESENT CONDITIONS.

Some of the Effects of Militarism. The Inefficiency of the Civil Courts. Treatment of Natives by American Soldiers.

[Special Correspondence.]

MANILA, July 25.—No doubt the thought has occurred to most of us that a little militarism occasionally even in our free country would be a good thing. If you have ever had such a thought, Manila is the place to cure you of it. Military rule is a necessary evil at times, but a little of it goes a long way. It is demoralizing to those in authority, this unlimited power of almost life and death. The military officer falls into the habit of considering himself and his kind as all there is, the civilian as nobody. Even the reasonable request of a civilian is to be denied, often merely because the officer has the power of refusal. There is nobody to hold a checkrein on him except his own military superior, and this one seldom pulls the string.

You have heard how the civil courts were reopened by the military governor's order. He decreed that business in them should be transacted in the Spanish language. This was the deathblow to a number of aspiring American lawyers who had migrated to Manila in hope of winning fame and fortune. But even that was not enough. The judges of the courts themselves through and through were with three exceptions Filipino natives. If you can imagine to yourselves the white people of Mississippi or Louisiana being compelled to have their law cases decided by negro judges, and those only, you can picture what the appointment of Tagalo judges meant in Manila.



TYPICAL HOUSE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The British government once attempted the same thing in India, appointing native judges to try white people. There are in India 300,000,000 brown people and only 270,000 whites, all told, but such a howl went up from those whites that the authorities were glad to rescind this sentimental action as quickly as possible, and they did it in a hurry, and that was the last of it, though the natives of India are a race superior in all respects to the Tagalos and mestizos of the Philippines. In Manila the man who has been appointed judge of the supreme court is a native, who has nothing in his manners or appearance to distinguish him in any way from the man and brother who cleans your shoes or takes care of your horses. The other day his honor the chief justice was walking across a hall in the judiciary building when he spat upon the beautiful tiled floor. Perhaps he was dreaming of the rathole of a nipa hut in which his boyhood days were passed. At any rate, he committed the above abominable offense against decency and civilization in presence of the guard of American soldiers who were in attendance. Instantly a hand was laid upon his honor's arm, not too gently.

"Don't ye spit on this flure," said a voice in a delightful brogue. "If that occurs again I'll arrest ye, now mind," said the Irish-American soldier to his honor the chief justice of the supreme court. The justice made no reply, but passed on quickly.

"But do you know who that is?" said a comrade to his guard.

"I don't care who it is. I know me orders. All coons look alike to me," answered the bold Irishman.

And it is certain that till the Tagalo changes his character to something more forceful and capable than his present one, no matter to what post of honor military or other authority endeavors to raise him, to the white man he will continue to be a "coon," nothing more.

Yet, while American military rule lifts the Tagalo at some points above his capabilities, at others it has degraded him below the level of humanity. A few—let us be thankful they are a very few—American officers shame their country and the divine image of manhood by beating and kicking their native servants like dogs. Taking the cue from this, American private soldiers in the streets have been known to knock down a defenseless native and take away from him the fruit or other wares he has to sell. They have even robbed poor old decrepit women of their trays of mangoes or a wizened little Chinese peddler of his bundle of gay silk handkerchiefs and made off with it. Fortunately such criminals and desperadoes in our ranks are, again, very few. Most of our soldiers conduct themselves in a way that their fellow countrymen at home may be proud of them. I have watched them narrowly, and I know this is the truth. But the very few who illustrate the beauty of military rule by abusing natives do not serve to increase the love of the Tagalo either for such rule or for the American government.

A very curious case occurred the other day. One afternoon an American gentleman's coachman did not appear as usual to drive him home. The carriage was late, and when it arrived the gardener was with it instead of the coachman.

"Where is Tomas?" asked the American.

"In the calaboose, senor," was the answer.

In brief, Tomas had been arrested for passing bad paper money on Chinamen and natives. He had in his possession a quantity of good gold money that he had got in exchange for his worthless notes. They were American notes. Every kind of American money has been hitherto believed in the islands to be worth its face in gold, so he had no difficulty in getting rid of it.

American soldiers do police duty in Manila. Tomas told the officers at the prison that he had the stuff from an American soldier, to whom he had given gold for it. After persuasion of a kind unfortunately too well known in the Philippines was used, however, he told them he had found it on the Luneta, and this story he stuck to. His master was sent for. Where had Tomas obtained the bills? His master was one of those queer people who collect curios. There is no accounting for tastes. Among his curios was a pile of old American state bank money. "Wildcat money." I think it was called. Tagalo servants go through their employers' belongings like mice or roaches, and Tomas knew what his master had better than that gentleman himself did. The master trusted Tomas as he would have trusted his own brother, he did. Tomas carried his keys and sometimes his money. One day this honest Tagalo asked his master about the money lying in the trunk. The American explained to him that it was not any good and thought no more of the matter. It was this stuff that Tomas had been passing, exchanging for gold at its face value. The honest and trusted Tagalo thought his master was saying falsehoods when he said it was worthless.

"Tomas, Tomas, why did you do this?" said his trusting, deluded master. "Didn't I tell you this money was worthless?"

"Yes, senor," replied Tomas. "But I thought you might be mistaken, and I wanted to find out for myself," which was a defense quite worthy the superior intellect of the white man.

"But why didn't you tell them where you got it?" asked his employer.

"Senor," answered the little brown man, "an American soldier told me it was very bad—mucho malo—to have this money, and I feared if I said I had it from my master they would punish you too. So I told them I found it on the Luneta."

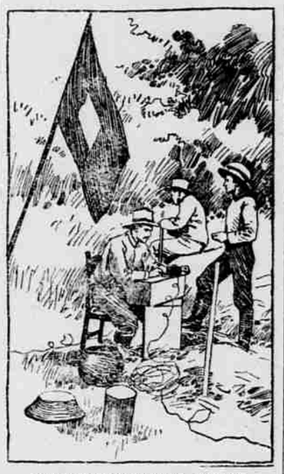
Once more it will be observed that here was a plea worthy the superior white intellect.

The gentleman went to the commanding officer of the prison. That individual said:

"The fellow told us all kinds of lies till we gave him a good belting, then we got something like the truth out of him."

The whip that had been used for the "belting" was shown to Tomas' master. It was of the kind known as a snakeskin riding whip, a club covered by a skin with rough spines all over it, an instrument so cruel that no humane man will ever strike his horse with it. And with this thing of torture the Tagalo had been inhumanly lashed across his naked body, by order of an American army officer, another illustration of the beauties of military rule.

Such incidents are fortunately extremely rare, but one has as much effect as a hundred would have. The Tagalo intellect is only a poor little muddled one, incapable of seeing fine points. For this reason the natives have not yet been able altogether to see the vast superiority of the humane



AMERICAN SIGNAL CORPS AT WORK.

and enlightened American rule over that of their old masters, the Spaniards. The true way with the Filipino natives is to treat them neither as white men and equals nor as slavish inferiors, but to take a course half way between, as nearly as possible. They should be dealt with like the children they are, mildly and humanely, but firmly, being led on toward the fullest enlightenment they are capable of attaining. What that is remains to be seen. They never yet had a fair chance.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

HE FACED GREAT DANGER.

But, Not Knowing It, He Escaped Being Considered Brave.

"I noticed a couple of reminiscences as to my old branch of service," said an ex-naval official to the writer, "which reminded me of an incident in my own career. I was an assistant engineer on a cruiser bound from Norfolk to South American ports, and our ship was telling off 14 or 15 knots an hour one day, when a crank pin came out, and the next instant the crank was thrashing around in a most recklessly unsystematic fashion. Everybody in the engine room—and there were some men of considerable rank there just then, as it happened—made a dash for the deck. Meanwhile I quietly took four or five steps and shut off the steam. Of course the engines stopped, and then followed the delay caused by making the necessary repairs.

"It didn't occur to me that I had performed any act of an especial character until the chief engineer informed me that I was a confounded fool. 'Don't you know your place under such circumstances, sir?' he asked, and when I answered that I thought I had taken my proper position he continued: "No, sir; your duty was to make your way as soon as possible to the deck. With that piece of steel whirling and crashing about it was one chance in a thousand that a single soul would escape an instantaneous cooking, because if that thing had carried away the steam connections your life would have ended right then.'

"'Well, I took the chance,' I answered.

"'Yes, sir, you did, but you didn't know it, therefore it is not at all to your credit,' was the chief's answer, and it was so absolutely true that I couldn't for the life of me make any reply."—Detroit Free Press.

A Confidence Game.

"How did you like your principal speaker at the club last night, Mrs. Jones?"

"He made us the victims of false pretenses, sir. He shall never talk to us again with my consent."

"I thought him one of the most conscientious of men."

"Well, he's not. He told us he would say only 'a few words' about commercial extension, and he talked for an hour and a half."—Detroit Free Press.

Danger.

Quinn—Dick's father must be a railroad man.

De Fonte—What makes you think so?

Quinn—Because when Dick lost on the races and wrote home for money his father replied in four words.

De Fonte—What were they?

Quinn—Keep off the track.—Chicago News.

BIG PRICES FOR BEEF

AN EVIDENT SHORTAGE IN THE AVAILABLE SUPPLY.

Scarcity of Grass on the Western Ranges—Inroads Made by Sheep. Effects of Improved Blood—Pony Beef In Colorado.

[Special Correspondence.]

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 29.—The rise in the price of beef, both dressed and on the hoof, has naturally caused considerable commotion in this center of packing and shipping. There are various theories advanced as to its cause and as to the probable duration of the higher range of prices. It is intimated that there is likely to be a shortage for some time in the beef supply.

In spite of the denial of the packers that there is a shortage in the available beef supply, persons who have traveled recently through the range country report that cattlemen say they have few beef cattle on hand. They say also that cattle raisers in the range country declared a month ago

HEREFORD BULL.

that the price of beef was bound to soon take a big jump upward, and that the supply would be unable to meet the demand.

Various reasons are given for this alleged or real shortage. One of these reasons, but one which manifestly has no foundation, is that the supply was depleted by the great demand of the government for beef during the war. This reason is not worth considering, as everybody knows that the volunteer soldiers would have eaten as much beef, if not considerably more, had they remained in civil life than they consumed in the army. Another reason which might account for a temporary shortage is the almost complete failure of grass on the ranges throughout Nevada and Utah, and in much of Montana, Arizona and New Mexico. Two weeks ago, within the boundaries of these states, it was said that not one herd of cattle was left in either Nevada or Utah.

Unquestionably the most potent reason for a general decrease in the beef product is the gradual increase in the sheep raising industry. Sheep are gradually superceding cattle on many of the great ranges. This is due mainly to the fact that sheep can always compete successfully with cattle in grazing on the same ground; they find food where cattle have just grazed; but, on the other hand, they crop the grass so closely that there is no fodder left for cattle coming after them. In very large districts, therefore, sheep have gradually replaced cattle. The plains have been overgrazed, and sheep have been crowding cattle out. The result is a large diminution of cattle in some of the range states. In Wyoming, for example, the number of cattle in 1898 was only a little over half that of the years between 1886 and 1892.

Another reason which tends to increase the prices of beef is the introduction of better blood, thus producing better beef, for which a better price is naturally demanded. On many of the ranges Herefords, Galloways, Shorthorns and Aberdeen Anguses are being crossed with the native cattle, with the result that a higher class product is coming into the market.

A new element is being introduced into the beef trade which may perhaps have a bearing, though possibly slight, on the market. This is "pony beef." The term, however, is a misnomer. "Baby beef" more appropriately applies to the delicious, tender meat of the cattle that are too old for veal and too young for packers. If the equine diminutive is to be used, "pony steers" would be better.

However he may be classed in the market reports or whatever he may be called on epicurean menus, the fatted calf that has just been cut out of northern Colorado is a distinct proposition that hereafter must be considered seriously by stock raisers. The Colorado calf, or the calf to which the Colorado method has been applied, has demonstrated his right to be classed among the industries of that great state. He will not be headed off, and each successive year he will demand more rope.

In northern Colorado a few wise stockmen who always cross brains with brawn last year conceived the idea of utilizing the calf for something more than veal. They concluded to enter him as a yearling and not to keep him for the futurity beef stakes. They proposed to make him a distinct entity, instead of turning him out on the range to lose his individuality.

As northern Colorado has been first in lamb feeding, so it is now first in calf feeding. The sheep industry in that region has been built up to a magnitude that has made it famous and wealthy, and now that section has established a new stock interest that promises to duplicate or exceed the success of the sheep proposition, for it goes without saying that if calves can be converted into fine beef that will realize $40 or more a head before they are a year old stockmen will find calf fattening a most profitable business, bringing, as it must, a quick return on the money invested.

HENRY ATWATER.

THE POWER OF WILL.

He Wanted to Live Four Days, and He Succeeded.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the sympathy for the poor and suffering which William Stokes could throw into his voice, says his biographer. One of the stories he used to tell is of peculiar interest, not only for its revelation of human kindness, but as a proof of the power of the will in prolonging life.

An old pensioner was a patient of Stokes in the Meath hospital. His life was despaired of, and, in fact, his death was hourly expected. One morning, having many patients to care for and believing that the pensioner was unconscious and past help, Dr. Stokes passed his bed without stopping. The patient was greatly distressed and cried out:

"Don't pass me by, docther; you must keep me alive for four days."

"We will keep you as long as we can, my poor fellow," answered Stokes.

"but why for four days particularly?"

"Because," was the reply, "my pension will be due then, and I want the money for my wife and children. Don't give me anything to make me sleep, for if I sleep I shall die."

On the third day after this, to the amazement of Stokes and others, the patient was still breathing. On the morning of the fourth day he was alive and conscious, and on entering the ward Stokes saw him holding in his hand the certificate which required signature. As the doctor drew near the dying man gasped:

"Sign, sign!"

The doctor quickly complied, and the man sank back exhausted and within a few minutes crossed his hands over his breast and said, "The Lord have mercy on my soul," and quietly breathed his last.

Ghastly Jokes.

Around to the club the latest joke worked off was to ask one of the members if he had "seen the list of names in today's Herald of the people who, under no circumstances, would join the Hardware club." The questioned member would invariably express a doubt of any such list being in existence, but is immediately silenced by the joker saying, "Knowing you would be interested in it I cut out the list and have it with me," following it up by handing the member for perusal the alphabetical list of names which daily heads the columns of deaths in the paper referred to. Tableau.—Hardware.